6 December 1978

Dear Harold and Lil:

The Peoples Temple file has grown to formidable dimensions, so I'm sending it along third class tomorrow before it gets to the parcel post stage.

I'm sorry there's so much of it, but you'd better scan it carefully for mentions of Lane and other angles that could become obscured.

Also mixed up in the file are each day's small quota of clips on other matters, the Ray hearings, a few assassination stories, and the like.

And it looks as if the file will continue. Lane was here today with a gal whom he took to the U.S. Attorney in an effort to strike a deal for immunity from prosecution if she provides information on the alleged hit list. I'll try to send further developments at less infrequent intervals.

Since Tim Reiterman (ex-AP here and the Examiner reporter who got shot up at Kaituma airport) first broke the story of Jonestown many months ago I've had the distinct impression that the U.S. Embassy in Georgetown was helpless to do anything about it, probably on orders. Supporting this impression are such circumstances as the acquisition of several thousand acres near the Venezuelan border, doubtless a strategic location, and other overtones of quiet but powerful sub rosa support and clout. Only in the last few days has anyone mentioned the CIA in print. For several years I've also entertained the strong suspicion that someone in the intelligence community is fascinated by the political potential in off-brand religious movements such as Peoples Temple, the Moonies, Hare Krishna, and you name it. They even operate in the UFO field at all levels, debunking, supporting research groups, and, of course, complicated disinformation maneuvers. Very sophisticated it is, too. The impulse to take over natural and eloquent leaders like Jones must be very strong to such minds. And considering the socialist nature of Guyana, it must have been well-nigh overwhelming.

Regarding your earlier request that I ask Bill Turner about whether he has any details on the cover that was set up on you at the time of your connection with Christian, I don't know where Bill is, have the impression that he's now probably in the LA area, and in any case don't want to get involved with him now. Even if he had the information you're interested in, which I doubt, he probably would not care to give it to me. For every reason I can think of, I find it hard to think I'd accomplish anything, and would be dubious about anything he might tell me if he did. And, as I say, I'd just as soon stay away from him.

Hospice of Marin and related activities are keeping me plenty busy these cold and windy days. There's a support group called Friends of Hospice made up of well-heeled and very energetic matrons, about 100 of them, who spend all their time thinking up things to make money for Hospice, including things for me to do. ?The current project is a Christmas fair on the 10th. It'll be held at the old Robert Dollar mansion in San Rafael and should bring in a bundle.

Yours truly will be doing evrything from acting as porter to dispensing wine and cheese, my immediate boss being a cancer widow whose husband was deputy commander of the Presidio and who is a direct descendant of the guy who discovered San Francisco Bay. FOH's next big project is supposed to be a national dart contest (financed by beer companies) which will be run by a retired British artist who spent most of World War II in a Japanese prison camp in Burma. And guess who may have to spend a good deal of the winter making dart boards if this deal goes through. Anyway, these are all interesting, creative people who are dedicated to helping something very worth while, and it's fun to be busy with people like that. Practically all of them have had cancer deaths in their families, so they know what they're doing and why. Very serious, very businesslike. I feel lucky to be able to work with such positive people.

As a folllow up, I regret to report that I have been decisively outwitted by Elaine Wrone in the matter of the automatic rice cooker. The sneaky thing guessed to within a few cents of what I had paid for it and sent me a check. Perhaps I had crowed a bit too loudly that I had been able to find a thank-you present for all they did for me. Anyway, I accepted it with what grace I could muster, but reserved the right to complain about any further symptoms of the oil-rich arrogance one associated with the Middle Eastern mentality these days, such as presuming to override one attempted fait accompli with one that works. I closed with a warning to Dave about the perils of letting women go around unveiled. At last report, they had had their first Chinese meal produced solely by Elaine with the help of the cooker, and again, young David's judgment was that it didn't taste nearly as bad as he had thought it might. With such helpful criticism, her future in Chinese cuisine appears assured. Anyway, she's determined to try it, if only as a means of helping Dave keep his weight down. I've been trying to do my bit by writing out some of the easy, sure-fire recipes we've found worked well here.

For a long time, I couldn't bear to go back to cooking Chinese, but recently I've been able to return to it, and alternate dinners between Chinese meals and less troublesome local fare. It works well, and I like to keep my hand in with the wok, as it were. A lot more interesting, certainly.

I gather the very cold weather that has been hitting the northern part of the country hasn't really borne down very hard on you yet in Maryland, and lets hope the winter turns out to be a reasonable one. Take it easy, and take care of yourselves.

Best,

jdw